For the Advertiser.

REVIVAL OF THE SLAVE TRADE-NO. XIII.

"The war must be carried into Africa." In 1820 the price of Cotton fell, but the South had then lost her manufactures, or at least she had established no new factories, while the North had diverted all capital from most other pursuits to that of manufacturing. The North had taken advantage of the high price of cotton and consequent high price of negroes, during five years, to seil her negroes to the South and to establish factories with the proceeds of the sale. But the South, instead of having established factories by the time cotton fell, was then actually in debt for cotton laborers, bought on a credit at the high prices of monopoly, created by the closing of the slave trade. Not only had the North profited by the monopoly of the slave market, but she had also tasted the sweets of another monopoly-namely, the monopoly of manufacturing under the high Tariff of 1816. Therefore, when cotton fell in 1820, the South finding herself without manufactures, and actually in debt for negroes at high prices, was desirous of having a low Tariff. But the North said no; and for the first time the doctrine of a sectional protective Tariff was announced in

But the high price of cotton for five years after 1815 (with the slave trade closed) not only ruined early history, but what purpose did itserve? Neither our manufactures, destroyed our shipping and, statutes, nor Resolutions, nor speeches, can propatransferred our commerce to the North, but it also destroyed the culture of Indigo and Flax, which formerly gave profitable employment to negro labor at the South. We now import about \$1,000,-. 000 of Indigo annually, whereas we once exported large quantities of it. The cotton lands of the South are capable of producing as much and as ty thereby left behind is instantly occupied by a good quality of Indigo as the East Indies, yet we have surrendered the culture and manufacture of it to India, the largest Colony of our hereditary and implacable enemy who has well nigh an exclusive monopoly of all the Indigo used in the commerce of the world. British India supplies about \$20,-000,000 of Indigo to other States upon her own terms, and we pay 50 cents a pound for most of did formerly. Had the slave trade never been gone, which he had acquired by the late rise in closed, this humiliating spectacle would never have been presented to the persecuted South. The long high prices, and the abolition sentiment of the continued high price of cotton with no increase of labor from Africa caused it. And 100,000 negroes, fresh from the jungles of Congo, can now find profitable employment here in the growth of Indigo, estimating that each one could produce \$100 of cotton, and will not therefore undertake other

and it is not a matter for dispute that all the present slave States, which do not produce cotton, are as well adapted to the growth of flax as Russia, Holland, Tuscany or England. We each year import about \$12,000,000 of raw and manufactured flax. Yes, we import nearly \$1,000,000 of even linseed oil to paint our houses. What caused this to cotton culture, when the slave trade was closed and cotton rose so high in 1815? Taking the estimate that each negro could produce \$100 worth-

tant branch of Southern Industry, the slave trade was closed and cotton rising so high soon afterwards absorbed all the flax laborers-destroyed all the flax manufactures. Where now within the country to the other. If the slave trade had never been closed, in all probability the South would this day have a monopoly of both the culture and manufacture of flax, and the cotton market would time since. The transfer of laborers from the flax would now have had a monopoly of those two pro-

But she lost them, as she did her manufactures, and is rapidly losing her hemp culture too. Nothing but the fact that tabacco, rice and sugar are commanding as much profit in their culture, as cotton does, even at present prices, prevents the destruction of those pursuits; and they will be destroyed unless the slave trade be revived, or unless some other country than ours shall produce a large quantity of cotton. One or the other result is inevitable. Even the sale of those idle vage bonds, the Free Negroes, into slavery after the fashion which Arkansas and Missouri are setting the other Southern States, will not permanently save our cotton monopoly. The world wants more cotton, and must have it, upon the principle that every demand must be supplied. Nor will mankind long permit a day's labor in any pursuit to pay for two day's labor in another business which also employs much capital or many laborers.

The moment a heavy rice occurs in the price of gotton our planters invest all the proceeds of that in debt to got still more of it. They do so partly through the temptation of a long continued high price for cotton, and partly through compulsion of the limited and restricted supply of slaves. This excites competition among buyers, and then negroes rise in proportion to the rise in cotton. The price of cotton regulates the price of most other property at the South, because nearly all our capital is employed in cotton culture and its concomitants. Therefore, as cotton fluctuates in price, every other kind of Southern property must keep it company, in all its changes, and especially cotton laborers, since the value of every laborer must rise or fall with the value of what he produces. Now, whenever a tremendous rise takes place in the price of cotton, and as the number of Slaves in this country is limited by the slave trade being

advance in the price of cotton, it is plain that cotten interest to purchase negroes is such that it labor in the cotton field, and white labor once more of the chief clerks. His ready talents and will drive all other compititors out of the slave market, and that the cotton planters will then as well as from other pursuits at the South to the and better men, who looked upon this supercompete with each other, until the price of negro cotton patch, which together with the exceptionally seding with some bitterness, but whose posi-This result is unavoidable as the supply of white labor is sillimitable, while that of negro labor is so much and no more—a fixed quantity, which no price of cotton can vary, without a revival of the price of cotton can vary, without a revival of the cotton can vary without a revival of the cotton can be given to explain before him, and with his aspiring tastes and labits, it was no wonder that George Blandon, although a poor man was held on the facilities thus sown broadcast the only selected from the follows.

With the facilities thus sown broadcast the only selected from the follows.

In the cotton can vary with the only selected from the follows. With the facilities thus sown broadcast the only selected from the follows. The facilities thus sown broadcast the only selected from the follows. The facilities thus sown broadcast the control of the facilities thus sown broadcast and the

mostly for house servants, and to work in the farm of white labor.

abolition constantly caving in the banks of slavery, Southern boundary is about the same as that of which is in the latitude of South Carolina. It is also spreading over Northern and Western Texas, far Southward of Carolina. It will furthermore soon penetrate into New-Mexico, since the late law passed by the legislature of that Territory to protect slave property, vil but serve as a bugle note smmoning the abolition world to arms. Kansas adopted a whole volume of slave laws in her

A great rise in the price of cotton acts like the breaking of a mill-dam in a freshet. The demand for more cotton laborers then becomes so vast and insatiable that a wave of negroes has to sweep Southward to fill the immense void, and the vacuisurge of white labor which forever beats against the border slave States, and thus it is that those States are being undermined like a caving breakwater. Nor does the evil stop there. The current of negroes which moves Southward to the cotton fields, soon gluts the cotton market which produces as much injury to the cotton States as a stream that overflows its banks does to the neighboring what we consume, in place of exporting it, as we pluntations. The cotton planter finds all his money cotton, and himself in debt for cotton laborers at North stronger than ever. He then toils on for years to pay the debts he had contracted for cotton land and laborers at inflated prices. He also checrishes the hope of a speedy rise in the price business. In fact, he could not without sacrificing We likewise once grew vast quantities of flax. his property, if he were to sell it, and farmers are slow to change from one pursuit to another, and the skill for undertaking a new business is not acquired in a day; and hence they continue making cotton from necessity-from habit-from hope of

By and by a good time does come, cotton again but the diversion of negro labor from flax culture rises by consumption outstripping production, but instead of selling out his land and negroes, a cotton planter performs the same round he did before, when cotton last rose. Of course all cotton planat least 200,000 Africans are wanted to raise flax ters could not sell their property at any time, as for our home consumption; and it is susceptible of there would be no one to buy if every one wanted proof that 200,000 more of them could compete to sell, and it would be folly to sell as a general with the flax-growers of Europe in their own mar- policy. But still if the slave trade were open kets. If our negroes can distance all competition when the great rises take place in the price of cotin cotton culture, why not in flax culture too? If ton, the cotton market would be glutted no roomer the slave trade were revived, I make bold to say by the importation of laborers from Africa than that our non-cotton growing slave states would by bringing them from Virginia or Maryland, or have a monopoly of flax culture within a half cen- by absorbing them from other pursuits in the cotton States. Hence Rhode Island, Conneticut, The South also once manufactured linen cloth New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, which and other flaxen fabrics. But, just as the culture | were once the border slave States, have abolished and manufacture of flax was becoming an impor- clavery without benefitting the South one iota and the present border States are succumbing to abolition without any resulting good, but with positive evil to the South. Yea abolition has progressed confines of the whole United States is even one got all the proceeds of our high priced cottondax Factory? So far as I know there is not a sin- usurped our manufactures, robbed us of all the gle yard of fine linen made from one end of our emigrant artizans-destroyed our flax and indigo culture-still plunders us on every hand, while it

taunts and insults us. " It is when the South is seemingly most prosper ous-when cotton is at its highest price-when have been glutted no sooner in 1820, or at any negro labor is more valuable than white labor that the institution of slavery receives its severest and indigo fields to the cotton patch proceeded shocks. Only at four periods of our history has only on the principle that the high price of cotton | negro labor been more valuable than white labor made one day's labor of the cotton hand worth for any considerable length of time. One of these perhaps two day's labor of the flax and indigo periods has already been enlarged upon-namely grower. But if negroes could have then and since 1815-20. In 1825, cotton a second time sold on an been gotten from Africa, the flax and indigo busi- average in Charleston during the entire year at ness would not have been destroyed, and the South | 21 cts a pound, when another avalanche of neg oes by white laborers, and another drain was made one entered the luxurious apartment which upon the purse of the South (the proceeds of all her high priced cotton) to develope and sustain Northern manufactures. Negroes then sold at \$1200 and \$1500 a head, which attracted so many of them to the cotton fields, that the very next crop glutted the market and left the planters hand over than that of the preceeding year.

> apparent millesium presented itself. Cotton then sold at 16 and 18 cts. a pound, but the money was all spent for more cotton laborers at \$1500 and \$1800 each. Negro labor again rising above the value of white labor, caused another Exedus of negroes to the South-drawn thither by the high shorers in accordance with the tendency of all tion being stimulated by nominal prices, once more overtook production in 1850 after the incubus of a glut had rested upon the cotton States for 13 years. But finally in that year cotton a fourth wild after more negroes at monopoly prices, so the year previous by near even 700,000 bales, which caused the price of it to tumble down to nothing. But it rallied the next year since, which time the the price at a high figure, except during temporanearly equal those of cotton culture at 12 and 14

drove negro labor from the grain and stock regions quick tact had thus raised him above older labor becomes higher than that of poor white labor. good fall for maturing and gathering the crop, are tion forbade any complaint.

ets. a pound. Otherwise the cotton crop would

However after the monetary crash of 1357 the

not have remained stationary for 7 years.

border slave States have always used negroes shall fall to its normal value, which is below that lessly playing.

during seed and harrest time, which are the only In lieu of the diversified Agricultural, Manufacseasons for severe labor in a grain and stock coun- turing and Commercial industry we once had, our the price of cotton occurs. In this way the white pursuit at the South, for cotton culture, England of the firm ever dreamed of possessing. population of the North is ever pressing South- and France will destroy that for us. Neither white ward and it holds to every inch it gains, with an laborers here, nor the States abroad will allow us limate of the South. Population never moves by which it all will be determined is that there cuns up bill. Only think of Missouri having 10 every kind of business, requiring only ordinary row from his employers to repay. whites for one slave. Kentucky five for one, and skill. That some universal principle of human other border States in proportion, with a stream of action, seeking subsistence and luxuries for each be the result upon the South to glut the cotton market by re-opening the trade rather than by drafting negroes from other pursuits or from the

The Independent Farmer. BY W. W. FOSDICK. Let sailors sing the windy deep, Let soldiers praise their armor, But in my heart this toast I'll keep,

The Independent Farmer: When first the rose, in rabe of green, Unfolds its crimson lining, And 'round his cottage porch is seen The honoysuckle twining,

When banks of bloom their sweetness yield, To bees that gather honey, Ho drives his team across the field, Where skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird clucks behind his plough, The quail pipes loud and clearly; You orchard hides behind its bough The home he loves so dearly ;

The grey, old barn, whose doors enfold His ample store in measure, More rich than heaps of hoarded gold, A precious blessed treasure:

But youder in the porch there stands · His wife, the lovely charmer, The sweetest rose on all his lands: The Independent Farmer.

To him the spring comes dancing g To him the summer blushes, The autumn smiles with mellow ray His sleep old winter hushes :

He cares not how the world may move,

No doubts or fears confound him; His little flock are linked in love, And household angels 'round him He trusts in God, and loves his wife Nor grief nor ill may harm her, He's nature's nobleman in life-

The Independent Farmer. The Little Ones. A row of little faces by the bed, A row of little hands upon the spread, A row of little reguish eyes all closed,

A gentle mother leads them in their praise, Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways, And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,

The little errors of the day to chide. No lovelier sight this side of heaven is seen, And angels hover o'er the group serene; Instead of odor in a censer swung,

There floats the fragrance of an infant's tongue Then, tumbling headlong into waiting beds, Repeath the sheets they hide their timid heads Till slumber steals away their idle fears,

And like a peoping bud each face appears. They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night; And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn, And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

THE FELLOW CLERKS. BY HURBERT LINTON.

'Have you decided about taking Lightwas tenanted by George Blandon.

The apartment was a large one, and crowded with the manifold appliances of a bachelor's den. In one corner stood a massive hard labor-not from age, but from serrow bedstead, from which depended rich curtains, and ill health-was splitting the material as meeting the counterpane which was of the same texture. Marble-topped bureaus and wore a sad but patient look, as if grief had tables were covered with every kind of per- long been tugging at the heart-strings and fumery in gilt and cut-glass bottles. Couches and easy-chairs stood about in profusion; a The planters then dragged on in the stagnation | rich riding-saddle hung in a corner; gloves | knew well of what the others were thinking. of a glutted market until 1835-8-7, when a third and foils lay scattered around. It was They were dwelling upon the remembrances evidently a room in which no female hand of the past-of the uncertainty of the fate of had ordering or arranging-for rich as were the beloved son and brother-of the many the appointments, they were thrown together

in strange confusion. The young man addressed as George was a slight youth, scarce twenty in appearance. His dark, fair bair hung in long waves over his neck and almost reached his shoulders. The face round which it clustered would have been handsome, bad it not been for a certain toward the tropics. So many negroes quitted the air of dissipation, which clouded the blue eyes

The other was olden and seemingly more self-possessed, and with an expression of cunning and craftiness in his black, snake-like eye, that would have taught one versed in human nature to avoid the owner, had it not sternly honest and upright father. been for an air of thoughtless gaity which

was well assumed and sustained. Both were dressed in the height of fashion, and wore their habiliments in an easy, un- eyes blinded by tears. concerned and careless manner, as if always accustomed to such things; and yet, had one cared to trace these young men to their real me feel doubly hard towards those who have homes, they would have found only the commonest and plainest style of living, such as amount of the crop has remained stationary and | befits people who barely obtain a subsistence for the present and perhaps a decent competence for old age.

The father of George Blandon was a me chanic-much to his mortification, who however contrived to keep the fact out of sight as much as possible from his associates. entered, some five years before, as clerk in a large mercantile establishment -first as an assistant only, but latterly one

negro labor shall remain higher than white labor, thefts, let us do him the justice to say, but laughing, golden-haired boy, and he was the snuff, and carefully poked it into the Whenever negro labor becomes more profitable either England and France will produce cotton in with the view of repaying them with his classing him to his bosom with all a father's smillers saying, than white labor, all the branches of Southern in. their Colonies, or a steady drain of negroes from salary as it increased. Older and wiser men intense, overposing love for his first-born "Well, now, the

employ cheaper white labor in their stead. The cotton States, will take place, until slave labor the same rock round which he was so care-

oped itself, his passion for money increased, and the luxury of his chambers at the Pavilion was doubled and magnified, until it reached try. Such labor as those States require can easily employments at the South are fast narrowing down a princely appearance. While his employers be performed by whites, and hence their dear ne- to but one-cotton culture; and if we do not revive thought that his horse was at the plain and grolabor is always shipped Southward, and cheaper the slave trade, it appears recorded in the book of modest residence of his father, ho was inwhite labor substitued, whenever a great rise in fate, that, after we shall have destroyed every other habiting one more gorgeous than the partners

Charles Renton was his chosen associate. Similarity of tastes and pursuits bound them unconquerable determination to get into the genial to charge our own price for cotton. The principle together. Renton possessed, however, a passion for play which Blandon did not indulge, Northward if left free to act, any more than water must be equality of profit upon a day's labor in and frequently loaned his friend large sums

Juliana Blandon, his sister, was a lovely one with the least labor of his own hands, has simplicity, and loving her pleasant home with so to speak, and now inundating Kansas, whose heretofore pulled down the price of cotton labor an attachment that no hope of a grander or whenever it rose too high, and the like will occur loftier one could abate. She and her brother Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri. That stream of again, probably no sconer than it would if the were the only children of Mr. Blandon, who olition is likewise invading the Iudian Territory slave trade were revived. But how different would was an unpretending mechanic who sought merely to make his family happy, without

He had been pleased, as was natural, with his son's advancement, little dreaming that he was involved in error-George's only pretence in leaving the house to take up his abode in other quarters being that his home

was too far from his business. Trusting wholly to his son's integrity, and believing that he only roomed with Charles Renton for convenience at some cheap lodging, he had never troubled himself to investigate his place of abode. How would his honest eyes have widened to see the luxurious breakfast-service, the liquor-cases, and all the appointments of his son's new home! Such was the state of affairs when Renton burst gaily into the room, on the morning of

which we have spoken, and asked him about taking a fine horse which they had been previously talking of buying, and the price o which was four hundred dollars. "Where will you keep him, so that it will not be found out by the Parkers and your father, in case you finish the bargain?" asked

"Lowe will board him for us, I think, and no questions asked or answered.' Very good. Now for the money!" "Well, I have not borrowed but a few dollars from my quarter's salary, and I hope

Charles Renton.

Faith, I am all cleaned out of cash for the "How could you be so imprudent? They will ask questions, soon, that you cannot

"Let them. They grind down a fellow to a mere pittance, and then expect him to live honestly upon it. But come-let us go and No, Charles; whatever you do, you shall

not engage Juliana's affections. Sooner than that, I would expose your whole style of living to ber, and ask her if she thought you could support it from your small income " And why may I not visit her, if she likes

"Because my father is bent on her marrying a young minister who once boarded our family, and he loves his daughter too well to trust her with you." "Hush, George! This is coming with an ill grace from you, who have drawn me into

Well, percaps you are right; but do not ack me to take you home with me." "As you like. I do not violate the laws hospitality with you." "I know it, Charles. I would almost think

so many scrapes,'

better of you, if you did refuse to admit me to the presence of your beautiful sister." "Weil, well, we will talk about the horse Goodrich does not want to sell him, but he is short of funds. He is such a splendid animal, that it seems too bad not to get him at such a bargain." That night, the horse was bought with

money borrowed from the safes of their em ployers, and put out to board at Lowe's stable, with an injunction not to tell who the animal belonged to; and that night, Charles Renton visited Juliana Blandon, in her brother's absence, and won her affections to him self-Mr. Blandon and his wife easily con senting, because he was their son's chosen friend, and, of course, a lit lover for the

George bit his lip in agony, when he heard of this sacrifice, and could only trust that something might prevent it at last.

It was six years after this, that the Blan dons were assembled, one evening, in their homely little dwelling in the outskirts of the flourishing town of Monson. Father, mother and daughter were all there, and only the came Southward, leaving their places to be filled foot, George?" asked a gay voice, as some son and brother was wanting. Everything in the room where they sat betokened econo my and prudence, while all was scrupulously neat and clean. Mrs. Blandon and Julians were braiding straw. Mr. Blandon, past his would soon break them down altogether. Few were the spoken words, but each changes through which he might be called to

pass, if indeed he were yet a dweller on time in which a forgery had been committed on the Parkers, six years before; and Charles Renton had disappeared at the same time. Nothing but tenderness was in Mrs. Blandon's beart towards her son. "He was angry words. "Remember, dear husband,

the child was so young!" "Old enough not to break all our hearts for the sake of living better than his parents did," was the uncompromising answer of the "Think as well as you can, dear father, o

them both," said a soft and plaintive voice, as Juliana looked up from her straw, with "My poor child!" said the pitying father. "This is doubly hard upon you, and it makes made all this sorrow."

"And yet, father, should George return, penitent and sorrowful, would you be less a father than he who, in ancient times, fell upon the neck of the son who was surely as guilty as yours has been ?" Mr. Blandon wiped away the tears that were now falling fast over his work.

"Do not let us talk of this, my daughter. We must bide God's time. If he sends my prodigal back to be, changed and repentant, who knows that he may not send a softened "I will trust to thee, then, my dear father, said the girl, smiling through her tears.

his son. Sweet thoughts like, those which first time, a pair of snuffers, he asked, he had often indulged in the boy's childhood

dustry that can dispense with negroes do so, and | the border States and from other pursuits in the | than George Blandon have been wrecked on | hope. His dream was rudely broken, and

" Wake, husband, wake !" said the voice of his wife; and with a strong effort, he raised bimself in bed and looked wildly around the dim chamber, lighted only by the feeble light of the night-lamp. "I heard a knock on the outside door. Do see who it is. Something tells me it is George, or that some news of him is at hand. Open the window, and

Trembling still from the excitement of his dream, Mr. Blandon went slowly to the window, and throwing it up, asked who was

The moon shone brightly, and there, beneath its beams, stood a figure which, without the voice, Mr. Blandon would at once have sang it. The good deacon exclaimed with recognized as his son. Not worn and squalid and broken down, as the father pictured him with the bearing of a man who comes home with the assurance of being received and wel-

"Father!" again sounded on the still night air; and hastily throwing on some clothes, and calling Juliana from her slumbers, the

parents descended to the door. George entered, and clasped them alternately in his arms. He had just arrived in him to sleep until he had seen them all. He told them of his miserable flight, after the crime of which he had been guilty-of the anguish of mind which he had undergone, in consequence of his wanderings amidst cold and hunger and privations to the distant West, to which he had walked nearly the whole way-of his labor, hard and unremitted, by which he had been able to purchase a small portion of the rich soil, and had increased his ossessions, until now he was free of the world, and could count broad acres of his own. He told them, too, that when far away, with Nature for his only witness, he had looked back to the miserable life for which he had bartered his innocence, and had found how poor and mean it looked to him at that distance of time and place. He told them, too, that he had made ample reparation to every one whom he had injured, before he would enjoy a single fruit of his industrythat he had sworn the l'arkers to secrecy, preferring that even his parents should not know of his existence, until he could appear before them honorably discharged from the consequences of his early errors.

A question trembled long on Juliana's lips, out she could not bring herself to utter it. Her brother saw her emotion, but before he could speak, his father anticipated the ques-

"Where is poor Charles Renton?" "Mr. Blandon had grown suddenly mild and forgiving towards all sinful, erring ones. to read Latin, astomshed his master by the am received, and how well I can plead for "Let him come," said the old man. night let us not bear malice against any human being. By the joy of this meeting time, let us receive to our bearts all who are truly

repentant. Let him come to our home and our hearts again." A bright Lok overspread the face of Juliana-such as had not been seen there for the last six years; and when George went out and returned with Charles Renton, she welcomed him with tears and blushes-for it was not the slight, showy, effeminate youth, who left her in such misery, but a strong, hardy, yet gentle looking man, whose hard hands showed that he had labored to bring himself into the paths of respectability and virtue

All her early affection for him revived at ce; nor did the father forbid her to bestow it on one w o e youthful guilt, though mise: able to remember, was evidently blotted ou: b;

the higher resolve of his manhood. As companied by the whole family, Charles went, on the next day, to the town where his father resided, and a similar scene took place when they arrived. Mr. Renton was a g-ntle, forgiving man. He took his son at once to his heart, forgetting that he had ever do e wrong, in the great and unspeakable

joy of seeing him once more. "And now," said George, "how soon will you all be ready to go home with us to the Vest ? We have sufficient for all. No more braiding straw, at your age, dearest mother -no more sad tears for you, my si-ter--but att shall be happy and peaceful for you. You will not find me, father, in such a luxuions room as that in which I parted from you on that last miserable night, when I was obliged to flee from justice-but you will find comfort and plenty for your declining years, and a son whose whole life will be too short to make up to you what you have suffered."

"We will go!" responded every voice in the group; and before a month had gone by. the travellers were on their way, rejoicing in the goodness of that Power which makes crooked paths straight, and turneth the hearts of men from continuing in evil. In the pleasant clearing of a western forest, stand four log houses clustered together by

the side of a sparkling river: Broad lands, cultivated to perfection, and yielding a thousand fold, are spread before the eye; while beyond, magnificent forests, depth after depth, nvite the wanderer to penetrate their recesses. Here dwell the four families, secure in each other's affection, and enjoying all that life can give, with the exception of the one remembrance of youthful error, from which, perhaps, no life is wholly and entire-

To their children they relate the tale as a warning against temptation; and the little ones listen in wonder and amazement that not, fathers so good and perfect as theirs, could ever have been led astroy.

border States and other pursuits in the cotton and gave a stinker and prematurely aged look so young !" she said, when her husband spoke and mechanic, who has a proper appreciation of the trite mode of doing business, ought to have impressed upon his memory the fact that no man should be delicate about asking for what is properly his due. If he neglects doing so, he is deficient in the spirit of independence which he should observe in all his action. Rights are rights and if not granted, should be demanded. The selfish world is little inclined to give him his own, unless he have the manliness to claim it. The lack of proper fulfilment of this principle has lost to nany, fortune, fame and reputation. Occasionl y a customer, who is less a gentleman thanan apstart, puts on haughty airs and affects to be usulfed at being dunned for money that he ought to have paid long before. No matter. The laborer is worthy of his hire. We know t is unpleasant to be dunned, and equality uplersant to dun other people; nevertueless circumstances sometimes require that we sub it to both; but we woul be sorry to get 'wrathy' at a man because he asked us for his own, and think a man very small potatoes who will fly in a passion when we demand a small bill.—Athens Herald.

> Z A HANDY ARTICLE .- Adam Slonaker, a number of years ago, came to Hun-At midnight, the father lay dreaming of tingdom Furnace, and seeing there, for the

" What's them fur ?" "To snuff the candle. " To snutf the candle ?"

The candle just then needed attention, and Adam, with his thumb and finger pinched off A Chapter of Wit and Humor.

"And laughter holding both his sides."

THE DEACON AND THE CHOIR .- In e olden times, when it was the custom in New England to sing the psalins and hymns y "deaconing" them as it was called-that by the deacon's reading each line previous to its being sung-one of these church dignitaries, after looking at his book some time, and making several attempts to spell the words, apologised for the difficulty he experienced in reading, by observing,

"My eyes, indeed, are very blind." The choir, who had been impatiently waiting for a whole line, thinking this to be the said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better

"I cannot see at all." to his own mind, but strong and erect, and This, of course, they also sung, when the astonished pillar of the church cried out, "I really b'lieve you are betwiched!" Response by the choir: "I really b'lieve you

> "The mischief's in you all." The choir finished the verse by echoing the last line, and the deacon sat down in despair.

are bewitched." The deacon added.

ET THERE is every reason to believe hat old Deacon Dash will take care that there are no outsiders round the next time The Sabbath evening meeting at the Methodist Church is a famous resort for the young

people, including the girls. The church don't always take them all in, and some of the boys have to stay under the window outside Deacon Dash is an excellent man in his He is a money-lender and "landon a powerful unction, when, lifting up his voice like western thunder, he roared : "Oh, Lord, give us greater interest in

" A young rascal outside, under the promptings of the moment, in reply, sung out at the top of his voice, "Hold on, old man, you're in for five per cent, a month down here, don't cry out for anything worse up there! The deacon didn't rise any higher on that

E 35" Our system of education favors prepoetty, as the specimens which fellow will trap; Virgin, a man-trap.

Teacher (to Bob Smithers.) Spell ad mittance. Bob. Ad-mit. admit. tance. tance. admittance. Teacher. Good! Give the definition Bob. Twenty-five cents-niggers and chil-

smoking allowed. WHEN bad men want to fight, the chances are that they will arrange matters so as to gratify their belligerent inclinations. The creed of the Quakers is peace, but two weathful broad-brines contrived to fight upon scriptural authority, in this wise:

They grasped one another; one threw and sat on the back of the other, and squeezing his head in the mud, said ! "On thy belly shalt thou crawl, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of tny life." The other, however, soon recovering his position, began to deal blows against his op-

ponent's head, saving: "It is written, the seed of the woman shall pruise the serpent's head." IT Ir is not, however, against the

shall be nameless discovered one day, to wit : A cunning lawyer meeting with a shrewd of hope, is the future the last and best home old friend on a white borse, determined to of all.

"Good morning, daddy! Pray, what makes new born child, of the little boy Willie, grow your horse took so pale in the face ?" "Ah! my dear friend," replied the old man, "If thee had looked through a halter | menced; harsh and unfeeling as he finds it so long, thee would look pale too?

LE A FORGETFUL MAN .- A man, enwed with an extraordinary capacity of forgettulness, was tried a short time ago, at Paris, for vagabondage. He gave his name as Auguste Lessive, and believed he was born at Bourges. As he had forgotten his age, the registry of births in that city, from 1812 to 1822, was consulted, but only one person of the name of Lessive had been born there during that time and that was a girl. "Are you sure your name is Lessive?"

"Well, I thought it was, but maybe it "Are you confident you were born in Bourges ?" "Well, I allers supposed I was, but I shouldn't wonder, if it were somewhere else.

"Where does your family live, at present?" "I don't know; I've forgotten." "Can you remember ever having seen your father and mother ?" "I can't recellect to save myself; sometimes I think I have, and then again I have

"What trails do you follow ?" "Well, I'm cither a tailor or a cooper, and for the life of me I dan't tell which; at any rate, I'm either one or the other.

A gentleman, bearing that a literature

retender with a " plentiful lack of wit," had

en seized with brain fever, dryly observed, "Why im-O, the thing is impossible!" po-sible?" asked his informant. "Because." was the reply, "there's no foundation for the of brutality which would cause any but de-THE SELECTION OF A WIFE .- Sam throbs and beats, 'tis true, but its pulsations

Slick, in his late "sayings," gives some advice about the selection of a wife. Says he: ty, energy or love. And, Willie, you will apt to think there is no end to their hus- if you live and wor-hip the ideal, the good, band's puss; nor too rich a gal, for they are the true and beautiful; otherwise, if you apt to remind you of it onpleasant sometimes; live, and fall into the ranks of vice, governed nor too giddy a gal, for they neglect their by passion, hate and violence, the debane'refamilies; nor too demure a one, for they are ries into which you will be engulphed will most apt to give you the dodge, race off, and sting that conscience, which came pure from leave you; nor too weak minded a one, for the Creator, worse than the adder's bite. children take all their talents from their Earth, art thou the same for whom the stars

A celebrated physician said to Lord Eldon's brother, Sir William Scott, rather more flippantly than became the gravity of is always either a fool or a physician." The baronet archly replied, in an insinuating voice, "Perhaps he may be both, doctor."-Lord Brougham's Statesmen.

WOMEN AS PRINTERS .- During the

wife who would make a good devil!

EXPERIMENTS show that an electrical shock sufficiently powerful to kill an ox, may be discharged from a straw. Yes, and tumblers of "thunder and lightning," sufficient to kill a man, may be imbibed through a straw.—Evening Post.

"MAMA," said a promising youth of some four or five years, "if all people are Even yet his lips move, and his attendants, made of dust, ain't niggers made of coal-

first of a common-metre hymn, immediately half; "she always struck me with the soft

THE man who travels a thousand miles in a thou-and hours, may be tolerably woman who keeps up with the fashious.

Avoir quotations unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend - the other day, while looking at the skeleton of an ass. which had been dug out of a sand-pit, and admiring and wondering at the structure of that despited animal, made a very mal-adroit | ten thousand spirits redeemed greet the use of one. " Ah !" said he, with the deepe t humility, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, " we are fearfully and wonderfully

orrible tale is from the St. Louis Democrat. Read and shudder: "At Mayer's boardinghouse, on the East side of Second street, be shark," and has an excellent faculty in get-ting "all-fired big rates." Well, the old ry wedding came off on Tuesday night, and man was down for a prayer the other night. the dance was prolonged till past one in the The brethren were putting in the tallest morning. The bridge and groom then rekinds of "amens," and the old man getting paired to their apartment, bu -- horribile visa! -the bed and bedding had been sacrilegiously stolea from the nuptial bedstead! Some vindictive wretch had gained felonious ingress at the rear, and effected a robbery unparalleled in the history of matrimony. It is conjectured that so fell a vengeance could only have been devised and executed by some

disappointed lover of the bride. "Lives there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, The scamp who stole that bridal bed Deserves to live and die unwed, With maidons old to punch his head!"

A MAN was waked in the night and told that his wife was dead. He turned over, the j yulsong—"A weary spirit has gone drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his night cap, and muttered, as Le went to sleep

THE THREE HOMES. BY A. II. HORTON. Chapter 1st .-- The Earth.

Tread softly, softly as a zephyr breeze, for she is dying. Stand not so near her bed, dren half price-front seats for ladies-no but let the cool air from out you window fan her levered brow. See, she breathes again, she lisus his name-" Willie, Willie, Will-

Ah! she's dead! The stars of night have just faded from the sky, and now the fair morning of a new day is dawning, dawning upon a dead mother and a new born child. The soul of the last, direct from the Creator, being separate I from its original whole, has just assumed the fleshy tenements of earth, while the soul of the first, freed by death from the gross allurements of life, has winged its fight to the bowers of

Happy mother! unhappy child! the union n heaven is attractive, the union on earth repulsive. The dark, deep and muddy waters of life flow along no golden shores, nor over crystal rocks, reflecting back bright views and fairy scenes; but they surge with giant force through the rough and uneven windings of a dismal swamp, where all is death, di-ease Quakers' practice to fight with the weapons and decay. The only bow of promise that spans heaven's broad vault, tinging the web of life's existence here and there with threads

> But I digress. The faint wailings of the each minute more and more distinct. With him the great "battle of lite" has just comnow, the present is an elysium to what will succeed. So long as he remains upon the great stage of earth, either as an actor or as a listener, naught will he see but misery wretchedness and woe. In the great battle of which we speak camp-fires are not pleasant, nor is bivouscing delightful. Streams of vice, raging with the winds of sellishness, have to be crossed; torrents of crime, rushing through the destroying gullies of society, obstruct the course; and then, beyond these, is the army to be met; what need I, wha can I say of this, its soldiers and its men? There is hypocrisy, without a whitened sepulchre, and within all is dead men's bones there is deceit clothed in the garments of female fair, but trust her not, her friends are ever lost; and there, just beside the last, conspicuous with her banner flying, on which, if you scan closely, may be seen the great "I Am," stands Self-Love, a dreadful and a direful enemy. I know the response of many will be, these enemies are easily overcome, and then what enjoyment awaits the success

> I will not answer; let the wrocks strandnd upon the rocky shore reply i let these fellen "unhenored and unsung" give back the restdies, and, above all, and more than all let the blend-stained field of the battle of life echo with a fearful no, that the victory is not often won: Passion, rioting with a flend-like ileasufe, tramples upon all that is good or beautiful. Hate, scowling and revengeful, waves her wand, and enmity usurps the reign in hearts once true. Violence, hideous in form, as well as mien, has crowds of followers, who, at her nod, or beck, enact scenes mons incarnate to blush with shame. Ah! Willie, this world is heartless; it

"Don't marry too poor a gal, for they are | find this world lonesome, dreary as a desert, sung in joy at thy birth? Art thou that one who holdeth in the hollow of his pronounced well and good? When man fell thou lost thy goodness, too; when man was his profession, "You know, after forty, a man cursed, the curse upon thee was the deepest once a paradise is now a barren, scotched plain; and the garden which once blossomed like the rose is now overgrown with weeds,

reported that the following short dialogue took place: Brister—"Mr. Henpec, have you got any daughters who would make good upon his dying bed. His childhood, his patch.

type setters?" Henpec-" No; but I've got youth, his manhood, his old age; nay his have all been exchanged for "hair all streaked with grey;" his soft, velvety cheeks, which once were worthy of a mother's pride, have long ago lost their beauty-their bloom. His brow has became furrowed with care, disappointment and sorrow, and soon, it will

be stamped with death! Fainter and fainter does he breathe; fainter and fainter grow the throbbing of his heart; fainter and fainter are the pulsations of life. standing close by, catch the words, " I'm going home, I'm going home! Earth to me had been wearisome, tiresome, dreary, and I gladly die."

Suddenly the great clock, standing in the corner, breaks the midnight stillness, and tells us the hour of twelve has come. Ere the air ceases to vibrate with the harsh sound, the spirit of the dying man is wafted through the diaphanous realms of light to the paradisical mansion of unending felicity, in the celestial abo le allove. Star peals from star, its silent music, and the Lelfry of Heaven resounds with the diapasons of its choral hymns. Angelic beings chant the return of the wandering spirit, and symphony upon symphony swells, and thrills the thronging host, until, under the realization of their own heavenly beatification, they prostrate them-selves, and then the commingled orisons of

great and mighty God, the archetypal and omniscient being of all. Cherubim and seraphim, with a melodiousness surpassing the "harmonious music of the gliding and revolving spheres," continu-ally give utterance to the anthem, "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabbaoth!" filling the streets of the New Jerusalem with their songs of spiritual sweetness, and with the praise of a soul redeemed, re-bought, perfect-

The spirit of him whom we looked upon at his birth and at his death has overcome the miseries and the woes of earth, the terrors and darkness of the grave, and finally has gained the glories of a Heaven. Dear reader, may your destiny, and my

destiny, and the destiny of all of us be like that of him whose life we have been tracing on this page. May gentle voices from the spirit land silently whisper of the better way. May zephyrs steal from Heaven to breathe away the mist that gathers on the soul in its earth-wanderings. And when the vesper bell shall toll for us a requiem at night-fall, and the fetters that have bound us to earth shall be brushed away by the light wing of the death-angel, and our knock shall be heard upon the great gate that swings outward into

The Macon (Ga.,) State Press publishes the following letter, addressed by Senator Ham-mond to Howell Cobb, of Houston, in re-

sponse to an invitation to attend the next Cotton Planters' Convention, at Macon: RED CLIFFE, March 29, 1859. Dear Sir :- I am obliged to you for your invitation to attend your meeting at Macon, and if my health and engagements will permit. I will attend, but not to make a speech;

that is out of my line. I entirely sympathize with your movement. I regard Direct Trade as absolutely necessary to the independence of the South; without it, she will ever be provincial, though she may continue to furnish, as she now does, more of the material of commerce, than any other population of the same numbers ever did; and materials that constitute the most vital currents of commercial circulation, con-

trolling, in fact, almost the whole. Our drawbacks have been, not the superior energy or intellect of any other people, but our shallow bars, yellow fever, and want of mercantile cap tal. Time, I think, will show that vessels of 1000 tons are as profitable as larger ones, to carry on trade, and these can e ter our p rts. The yellow fever can be wholly evaded by confining our business season to the eight months of the year during which we are exempt. These eight months being those in which we can, and in fact do. carry nearly all our products to market, they are naturally our business months, and those best adapted to business and climate such as

It is because we submit to the convenience of others, that we allow it to be necessary that there should be any transactions from the interior, or trem abroad, during the four. possible, yellow fever months. The grand difficulty is as to capital; our means are, for the most part, in fact almost entirely, employed in settling fresh lands, subduing the forests, and furnishing the materials to clothe and feed the world; in these we find full employment for all our means and all our energy. But this will not always be so, and if the owners of the comparatively idle millions, in other parts, do not soon seek the rich harvest they may reap here, our own surplusage

will enable us to occupy that field also. Nothing, I think, is wanting to our Southern country but time, provided we have ca-pacity to appreciate, before it is too late, our unparalleled resources, and the energy to develop them. I think we have. I have every confidence in our future, let mere politics take what course and produce what results they may. Southern industry, at this moment the most prosperous of any on the globe, rests also on the securest basis, and it only requires that it should rise to a full appreciation and assertion of itself, to become free, in a little time, of all those provincial clogs which now encember it.

I confees that I have been devoted to other matters too much to have learned precisely the way in which your Association proposes to effect tile great object, and am, therefore, imable to judge as to its probable results but that there is a way, and that success is sure, I do not doubt:

Very respectfully, your obedient servant, HOWELL COBB. Esq.

It is perfectly well understood, or it not, it should be, that almost any husband would leap into the sea or rush into a burning edifice to rescue a perishing wife. But to anticipate the convenience or happiness of a would be unobserved, is a more eloquent proof of tenderness. This shows a mindful fondness which wants occasions in which to express itself. And the smaller the occasion seized, the more intensely affectionate is the attention paid.

-The Georgetown, Del., Messenger says last week the wife of a man in Dagsborough Hundred, Del., left her husband, and with young man took up her residence in Milsboro. The husband made his appearance one day, and the two men proceeded from the house and sat down upon a log and calmly talked the matter over, regarding it in all its bear ings . The result was, that the young man Thus was the diff

THE WAY THEY SETTLE IT IN DELAWARE.

who was in possession of the wife agreed to give the lawful but injured and forsaken husband, the sum of seven dollars and a dog for ous business compromised to the full satissearch instituted by an editor of the Newark | Chapter 2nd .- The Grave and Heaven. faction of all parties concerned, and the for-(England) Times for female compositors, it is Years have passed—three-score and ten— mer husband, having abandoned all right,